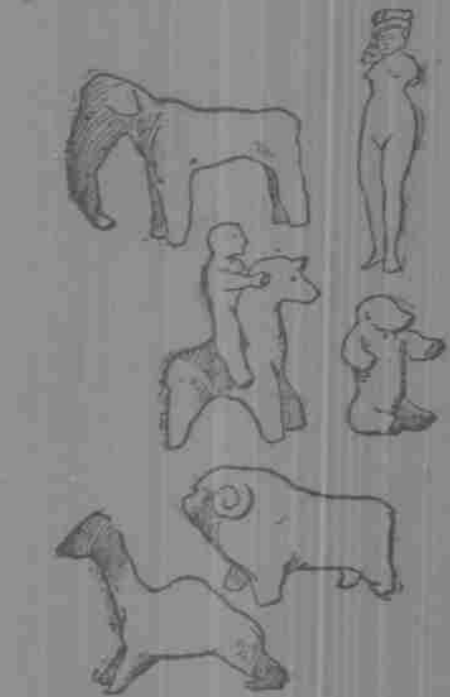


FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Babylonian Dolls.

The story of toys at the World's fair goes away back. Up in the south-east corner of the gallery in the liberal arts section of the Manufacturers building the University of Pennsylvania showed what it is doing with its excavation fund. Among the curious relics of the old civilization of Babylonia it showed a case filled with casts of funny looking animals that bear a remote but wholly distinguishable resemblance to camels, goats, horses and dogs. These little figures are reproductions of pieces of pottery found at Nippur by the excavation expedition of the university.



Some of them bear the dates 300, 500 and 800 B. C. All of them were undoubtedly toys for little dwellers in the old cities of the hazy Babylonian kings treasured centuries ago.

A man on horseback, a little table, one leg of which time had spirited away, a dog surrounded by a litter of puppies, a dromedary that is a really wonderful reproduction and a ram are some of the best of the toys. That which possesses the greatest interest, however, is a doll about a inches long. This was admirably modeled by the carver, who made it out of bone in three faraway days, before the dreams of the rulers of old dynasties were troubled by visions of the new world. It has a pretty face, with clear, well marked features, and its body has more to recommend it from an anatomical point of view than those of the modern china dolls.

The most wonderful thing about this Babylonian doll, however, is the fact that in those days when it had arms—it lost them long ago, poor thing—they were movable and attached to its body by joints. There is nothing new under the sun. The world has known that fact for centuries. It may be impressed now on the mind of some nineteenth century child, though, when one learns that 2,000 years ago, little Babylonian girls had jointed dolls just as good, perhaps even a little better than hers, to play with.—Chicago Tribune.

"Something Better."

"Here comes old Simon," cried Ben Davis as he and his schoolmates met an aged grocer, who, having no horse, was obliged to deliver the groceries himself.

"The old fellow is carrying a bag of beans somewhere," cried Fred Brown. "Look, look, he has spilled half of them, and they are all getting a good wetting in the snow. Ha, ha, what fun! Do see the old man try to pick them up! He's about as blind as a mole too."

"Let's give the bag another shake," laughed Bob Meggs, "and set the rest of the beans a-flyin'."

"Oh, no," cried Sammie Boers. "Let do something better than that. Let run and help him pick up the bean. He isn't to blame for being old and blind."

"Course he isn't," cried Ben. "Who said he was?"

"Nobody," answered Fred, "but I say, let's help him load up that bag again."

Then the boys told the grocer what they meant to do. They began their task at once and in a few minutes had returned the greater part of the beans to the bag.—Exchange.

Jingle.



There was a small person, as I've heard tell,
Blue fed on taffy and drank from a well.
When the day was hot and the sun rose high,
The taffy had melted, and the well ran dry.

Going to Jerusalem.

Place chairs in a row, one less than the number of persons, with one turned one way, the other in the opposite direction. Have some one play a march, and the party will form in line and march around the chairs. When the music ceases, all try to get a chair—the person left is out. This goes on till there are but two persons, a chair being removed each time, so there is but one chair left. When the music ceases, the person unfortunate enough not to get it has to tell the company a story.

WOMEN ARE QUEER.

They Would Buy Tablecloths if They Were Marked Down.

"Women is queer, ain't they? soliloquized the clerk with the sunset beard.

"Queer?" repeated the new man. "I should say so. Why, the last job I had I caught six shoplifters in one day."

He of the red beard looked a scornful look.

"That ain't what I mean," he said, "I was talking about their ways."

"So was I," put in the new one.

"Now look here, I'll bet you never worked in a big store before. You don't know anything about female human nature, 'cause if you did you'd sell more goods, see? This morning a woman comes up to me and says, 'picking up one of those tablecloths that's all gone now?'

"What's this marked down from?"

"Marked down from nothing," madam, says I, and she threw it down as if it burned her. Three or four did the same thing; so, says I to myself, 'Me boy, you're here to sell goods, not to be honest.' So when the next one comes along and asks the same old question, I was ready for her.

"Ninety-eight cents, madam, says I, 'and marked down from a dollar ninety-eight, less than half price!'

"Six women made a jump for them, and they almost pulled them to pieces. There were eight dozen cloths on the table. Where are they now, ha? Gone, every last one. Gone like hot cakes. I'm a student, I am—a student of human nature. Go out in the street and get a cart load of tablecloths, rub 'em up with a rag, pile 'em on a table, call 'em paperweights, nineteen cents, marked down from ninety-one cents. What'll be the consequence? You'll see the women staggering home with them wrapped up in pink paper."

THE CUNNING CHINESE.

Get a Good Bargain in Obtaining an Unpromising Mining Right.

D. W. Burnett is the owner of a piece of land on the American river, near Salmon Falls. The river bed there, for 100 or 200 yards, had never been mined. Some Chinese made him an offer to lease this land for mining purposes for two years, offering to pay him \$100 for the use thereof. This was declined. The Chinese were persistent, though, and after bartering for a while, Mr. Burnett told them they could have the land for the time stated for \$150, one-half to be paid in advance and the balance at the end of the year.

The offer was accepted, and Mr. Burnett was congratulating himself on his bargain, and considered the \$75 to have come into his possession easily.

He was not long in changing his mind. As soon as the lease was signed the Chinese began to work. A force of eighteen or twenty men were employed by them. A windmill was built and a wheel and other apparatus put up there, the cost of which was not over \$400 or \$500.

About three days after it was rumored that the mine was producing \$1,500 a day. An investigation disclosed the fact that the heathens had sent away \$8,500 worth of dust within a week after they began work. Several thousand dollars' worth of dust was also disposed of in Chinatown and handed over to one of the Chinese merchants there.

A NICE GAME.

The Little Boy Was Kept Out of Mischief by Playing It.

A young physician is engaged to a very estimable young lady and is permitted to visit her three times a week. The mother of the young lady is possessed of a very strongly developed sense of propriety and does not believe in familiarity, particularly kissing before marriage. She therefore arranged to have her little nephew with her on these visiting days to keep guard over the decorum of the young couple in the drawing room while she attended to her household duties.

Now, it happened during one of these visits that mamma desired to speak to her daughter and entered the room abruptly. She was amazed to see her seated on the physician's lap with both arms twined about his neck, while her nephew was groping about the room with his eyes tightly bandaged with the young man's handkerchief.

"Doctor!" the angry woman exclaimed, "what does this mean?"

But before the embarrassed couple could reply her nephew answered:

"Why, auntie, he's teaching me to play blind man's buff. Don't you think it's nice?"

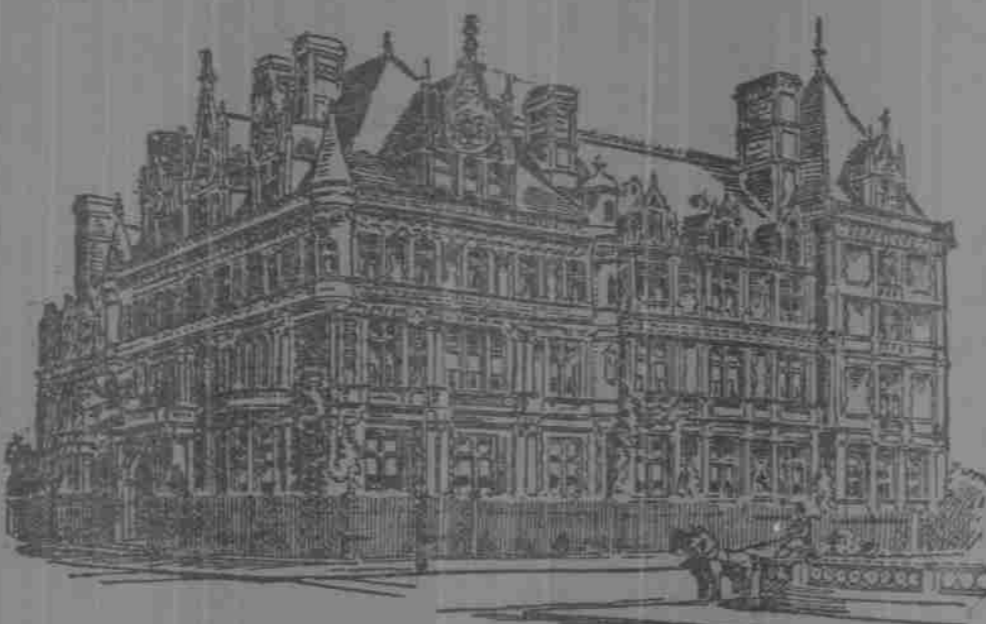
Two Days on the Brink of Death.

At Pusterthol, in Austria-Hungary, recently, a young woman about 24 years of age, while ascending a mountain, suddenly slipped and rolled down a precipice till stopped by the bough of a tree. In her fall she swooned. On recovering consciousness, she saw that the tree was scarcely a yard from the precipice. From loss of blood the girl was so weak that she could not free herself, and in this perilous position she remained for two days and two nights. At length her cries were heard by a shepherd boy in the mountains above, and the half-dead girl was hauled to a place of safety.

Not Much.

An old man and woman stood near the big gilt statue of the Republic in the court of honor, and the Boston woman heard the prairie sister ask her husband in an awed tone, "Do you suppose that figure is solid gold?"

And he answered with masculine superiority, "No, of course not. Why, if it was solid gold it would have cost \$100,000. I don't suppose it's gold more than a foot is."



MR. VANDERBILT'S NEW RESIDENCE.

The most costly ever built. It occupies a full block on Upper Fifth avenue, New York City, and represents an investment of \$7,000,000.

A Poker Matinee.

"My wife," said the tall, light haired man, "ran across a new idea this morning. It's rather good too."

Then he produced a swell looking card on which was this: "Mrs. John Blank requests your company at a poker matinee in room 123,456, the Flexington, Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8 o'clock. Limit, 25 cents."

"My wife," added the man, "got this today by mail, and came to me at once for a 'stake.' She didn't get it. I read her a lecture on the evils of gambling which made her cry. I pictured to her that a 25 cent limit game in which a lot of inexperienced women are mixed up is likely to involve a heavy financial crash before the game is over. Then I scowled and asked her how it happened the invitation came to her. She said a friend had played in a matinee held last week and didn't lose more than \$3 or \$4. The friend didn't play right, and it was a cut and dried scheme to have all the women in the matinee set get some pointers, go to the next performance, and if necessary expose the methods of Mrs. Blank."

"The matinee," concluded the man, "I have found out, have been going on for some time. Mrs. Blank, it seems, is a New Yorker and is not young. She has formed an extensive acquaintance in south side swell sets, and the 'poker matinee' is her invention. She has one week, but I know one little woman who will not go into her 25 cent limit game."—Chicago Tribune.

One Woman's Experience.

Mrs. S. A. Williams, says The Woman's Tribune, makes her boast that she has voted in Wyoming, Washington, Utah, Oregon and Colorado and has voted for every officer in state and nation. Although now a resident of Colorado, she loves Wyoming, for it was there she cast her vote for president. She was last year a resident in Arizona, but took up her residence in Wyoming, where she had before lived and voted, and remained there six months to have the privilege of voting for president.

Mrs. Williams has had a unique and interesting experience years ago in fruitless prospecting in mining regions with her husband, until they had spent the last cent, eaten the last slice of bacon and had come to the last charge of blasting powder. Encouraging her husband for one more effort, she held the drill while he struck the blow for the insertion of the powder. Returning from their hiding to see the effect of the explosion, they found the good silver ore scattered all about. She helped her husband to gather and market the ore, and their fortune was made.

Mrs. Williams is now a widow, but tends to her own business affairs and her mining interests. She owns among other things a stock one-fourth interest in the celebrated Zerk mine. Her name appears in corporation papers, but the identity of her sex is covered up like so many others by the use of initials only. Mrs. Williams has a bright son, a college graduate and a promising orator.

And "Old Father Time" Wept.

Captain Bassett, "Old Father Time," as he has come to be called from his gray locks and his custom of turning back the hands of the senate clock before each final adjournment of the senate, received a severe shock at the recent session.

The playful pastime of turning back the hands of the clock may be abandoned by the venerable assistant doorkeeper in the future. Senator Mills regards this custom as revolutionary, and he so designated it when the senate was in executive session just prior to adjournment. The hands of the clock were within a minute of the hour of adjournment when Captain Bassett meandered in, and with the stick which he employs for this purpose turned the hand back six minutes.

He had hardly completed the performance when Senator Mills arose to his feet and in a short speech denounced this practice as being fraught with great danger to the legality of senate proceedings. He said the day might come when the senate would be humiliated before the whole country by having the validity of its proceedings questioned for indulging in such child's play. It is said that the venerable Bassett went out into the corridor and wept.—Boston Herald.

Matabele Marriages.

Mr. Lionel Decle, in an account of the marriage customs of the Matabele, mentions one feature which is, we believe, quite singular. The husband does not buy his wife and, although there is a suggestion of a memory of marriage by capture in the details of courting and in the avoidance of the parents-in-law, she would appear to remain her father's property. When children are born, the father has to buy them of his father-in-law, or, failing this, they revert to the mother's family.—Knowledge.

Good work done by the Peerless.

A Young Genius.

Mary Highbitt Halliday, a Cairo (Ill.) girl, educated at Vassar and Packer, has been elected president of the Woman's Art Club of Sculptors and Painters in Paris. She was for two years the pupil of William M. Chase of New York, and since she went to Paris she has been thrice honored by the art authorities there, twice by special mention and once with a bronze medal for work done. She has been in Paris only a year and is still very young. Those who are most familiar with her work, and especially those who have served as her masters, gravely suspect this young American girl of possessing genius.—New York Advertiser.

Princess and Duchess.

Many are the busybodies who would have us believe that strained relations exist between the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York, but those who are acquainted with the daily life of their royal highnesses tell me that the Princess of Wales finds her daughter-in-law a most charming companion, and that they spend the greater part of each day together, and that the even amiability and good spirits of the duchess have proved very beneficial to our much loved princess, who, although saddened when the time of year brings recollections of her great loss, is nevertheless her bright, charming self again.—London Gentlewoman.

A Plucky Wife.

When Congressman Johnson of North Dakota received his first nomination, he doubted whether he could accept it on account of the amount of work to be done on his 1,000-acre farm. Mrs. Johnson came to the rescue, assumed entire charge of the estate during his electioneering, feeding and watering the stock herself. When there was an extra session of congress last summer, she directed the haying and the harvesting, cooked for all the farmhands, and cared for the live stock herself.—Exchange.

Spain's Only Woman Lawyer.

Marcela y Palito of Madrid is the only woman lawyer in Spain. Her portrait, which represents her as a remarkably handsome young woman, occupied a conspicuous place in the Spanish exhibit in the Woman's building at the World's fair. Near by was her special permit to practice in the Spanish courts. Not far away there was the printed score of an opera, accompanied by the photograph of the girl composer, Louisa Casagamas, 16 years old.

Could Give the Yell.

At a large reception given not long since Mrs. Julia Ward Howe wore the well known badge of the Phi Kappa Beta society.

"Mrs. Howe," whispered a young girl as she accepted that venerable lady's cordial handshake, "can you give the Phi Kappa Beta grip?"

"No, my dear," replied the other woman, "but I could give the Phi Kappa Beta yell if I dared!"—New York Recorder.

Laura Lee's Dress.

A well known firm of fashion pattern manufacturers has lately bought from Miss Laura Lee, the young Boston artist, her design for a reform dress for women. Miss Lee, who has an attractive personality, frequently wears this costume on the street. It consists of velvet trousers, artistically cut coat and waistcoat. It remains to be seen, however, whether other women are willing to follow this fashion.—Boston Globe.

Afflicted, but Energetic.

Helen Keller, the little blind and deaf girl who has been attracting great attention lately, is endeavoring to establish a free library in Tusculum, Ala., where she was born. She has written a long letter on the typewriter in advocacy of the project to a friend in Boston, and several charitably disposed persons in that city have contributed books and money for the purpose.

The Swiss Universities.

At the five Swiss universities 375 women matriculated, and 182 who had not been examined were admitted to the lectures last term. Of all these only five studied law, the rest belonging to the medical and philosophical school. Among the matriculated students 118 came from Russia and 19 were Americans.

How Japanese See Us.

Mme. Fateno, wife of the new minister to the United States, says: "I like American dress, all except the corset, but I find it extremely difficult to grow accustomed to it. In Japanese attire it is easy to sit on the floor, but one cannot do so gracefully or comfortably in American clothing."—Washington Letter.

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DANCING DANCING CLASSES.
Mr. J. H. Wetherell's Academy of Dancing, at 623 Jackson street, Dennis Building, will open Monday evening, Oct. 2. For terms, address at Academy. Hall for rent for parties or balls.
Mr. C. D. Hudson's dancing class for children will open Saturday, October 14th, at 3 p. m., at Music hall. Advanced class for adults every Monday evening. Beginners' class commencing Tuesday Even'g, Nov. 28.

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